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Box Car Racer "County Bluez"

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[INTRO]

Damn.I must be dreamin

I can't be dreamin. I don't see no motherfuckin bitches I can diss

Damn. All these motherfuckin brothers around me I know that motherfucker I know him and I know that

I'm in this motherfuckin county again Feelin the bluez...

[VERSE 1]

Damn in the county again another felony 2 and a half could be the strech so they tellin me shit I ain't wid it but I deal wid the shit Laid back take a hit on a hunk and spit In a safe nigga damn I ain't wit this Punk cops walkin by with a shit list Going down for a bronko with a big old G Stuck his ass with the 4 cause he's fuckin with P Only time on my hand and its killin me Gettin punked by the motherfuckin deputy Keep your shoulder on the wall niggas don't look back because I'm black they think a brother don't know how to act

All the gangsters gangster don't be tricked The nigga tryin to be yo friend but you might get picked

Or get faded you'll be cool playa friend Saggin you up to get up in you ass Fucked up livin as a number Shit I gotta make it so I pipe down Cold chillin in the county where a punk gets clowned

[CHORUS]

Now I'm dressed in the county bluez Cause in the county you know everybody Now I'm dressed in the county bluez Damn another felony thats what they tellin me

[VERSE 2]

In the county bluez I refused to be a sucker

And hold my breath for a punk motherfucker Yo a damned gangster in the system of hell again Where men beat men and men fuck men Six in the mornin called on a roof top Callin my number as I stand with my hands locked To a fool who did a 187 yo life is a bitch In the county its like death row Punk ass deputies talk like they all that I stock on the ground if I talk I get ratpacked Yeah you gotta play their game or get fucked up Put in the box like a dog you get locked up Yeah they call us niggas they diss us and they talk shit Put us in a cell with a nigga holdin a hard dick Yeah I pulled a ???? and I puff on it I got a letter from Shay with I love you on it Damn another day of this I might a-walk Fools gettin shanked and hunged in a shower hall Havik I'm doin my time with the crazy fools Yo I'm dressed in these county bluez

[CHORUS]

Man I'm tired of these motherfuckin deputies
Tellin me to put my hands in my pockets
and my shoulders on the wall
And my bitch ain't even brought me my wet ?photo? yet
Man I'm tired of these bluez

Home again lover G in the premises

[VERSE 3]

Kickin ass is my everyday business You check me cause on the streets I'm cool But your the county off known to bring to change a fool On the streets I'm a G in the county I'm O.G. E to the E from the S.C.C. Shackled down because I'm out to fuck son Punk motherfuckers with the 9 to try son Stupid ass gangs on the nigga you hate the law But we'll see who pushed off the shore Look I'm 23 and my problem is this I beat a bitch down and a bitch felt this Know I'm in a cell where I flow shit Makin niggas bent over for some pole shit Niggas play me for crackin a young stupid ass cell mate Turned out tryin to perv a tray

In the county you dare if you do what you don't do So one might try you or you might slide through The system smooth but fuck with But in the county I'm down for this bullshit Yeah........

[CHORUS]

Damn. You mean to tell me I'm still in this motherfuckin county

This shit is crazy. I guess Imma learn and deal with this fucked up ass shit

Life in the county jail.

My dumb hoe still ain't brought my wet ?photo? yet

Everytime I call home.

That fucked up ass hoe ain't at home

And where she is

The bitch want me to sell my collect car

But I guess you'll respect that shit

When you in the county

Feelin these fucked up ass bluez

Feelin the bluez

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